

THE COUNTY PAPER.

By DAVERPORT & DOBINS. OREGON, MO

THE OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Ring out merrily, Loudly, cheerily, Blithe old bells from the steeple tower;

Knell out drearily, Mourned and woeily, Sad old bells from the steeple gray;

Peal out evermore, Peal as ye pealed of yore, Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day;

Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day; In sunshine and gladness, Through clouds and through sad-ness,

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Fifteen years had flown since the day I lost the pocket-book. I had now become a prosperous man, surrounded by all the luxuries which wealth affords.

I was soon made partner, and when, on a certain blessed day, I became the husband of Alice, and his son-in-law, he presented me with a receipt for the \$20,000 that he had paid to the Messrs. Overton for my loss.

So time went on. The banking-house known as the firm of Thorne & Wallace was in a thriving condition. I had a beautiful wife and two lovely children, and yet, with all the sources of happiness, I was not quite contented.

At first I had attributed it all to Alice's influence, but I know now that it had been as great a surprise to her as to myself.

About this time Dr. Ponard, one of Mr. Thorne's most intimate friends, arrived in New York, and one morning, while sitting at breakfast, expressed great surprise at the numerous advertisements in the papers relating to money lost and found.

"Well," said he, "I have not the least sympathy for those who lose money. They are generally careless, stupid people not fit to be trusted; although I remember having heard of a young man who lost a pocket-book, some years ago, containing \$20,000, and I declare when I read his piteous appeals, which were in all the papers, my heart fairly ached for him."

"Yes, I recollect the affair," replied Mr. Thorne, who appeared to be suffering. "I never heard, continued the doctor, 'what became of the poor devil; and yet I should like to know.'"

"Should you?" said I, laughing; "then let me gratify your curiosity. I Arthur Wallace, as that poor devil, doctor; saved from ruin and despair by my benefactor here." And then I related all the events of the last fifteen years.

"The doctor sprang to his feet and grasped his old friend's hand. 'Well and generously done!' said he; but Mr. Thorne interrupted him. 'I am not well,' he said, faintly. 'I suffer greatly—let me go to my room.'"

"The next day he sent for me to his private office. I found him looking pale and haggard. 'Sit down my dear Arthur,' said he in a low voice, 'and listen to me. For a long time I have had a confession to make to you, one that weighs on me so heavily that I must ease my conscience of its load. I can better bear to do so now, that I have in measure made some amends for the trouble I once caused you.'"

"The trouble you caused me, cried I. 'You have been the most generous of men to me. It is through your kindness I occupy my present position; it is to you I owe my happiness, and more than all, my honor.'"

"Mr. Thorne opened his desk, and took from it a pocket-book. 'Do you remember this?' said he, as he placed it in my hand. 'Yes,' replied I, it is the one I lost; 'but how?'

"I could not finish my question. The truth stared me in the face. I sprang to my feet in dismay. 'Great heavens! I cried; you found the money?'"

"'Ay, and kept it,' he groaned, with anguish in his voice. 'But oh! do not condemn without hearing me. Yesterday you heard Dr. Ponard allude to the great losses I had sustained by failure in Philadelphia. I did not dare to make my embarrassments known, as that would have hastened my ruin—my ruin! God knows that it was not for myself that I cared, but for Alice, my darling child. It was on the 14th of December that you lost the money. Oh, I shall never forget that date. It was on that day that I meditated suicide. I was short \$20,000 to meet my liabilities, maturing on the 15th. I was overwhelmed with despair; the air of the office stifled me, and I rushed into the street. I had hardly gone ten yards when my foot struck something. It was your pocket-book. I opened it and the sight turned me giddy and faint. Then commenced within my breast one of those moral struggles which, even to the conqueror, is fearful, but in which alas! I was miserably vanquished. The next day I satisfied all claims upon me. To the world I was George Thorne, an honest, upright man; to myself I was nothing better than a malefactor. You know the rest. Through my guilt you passed two weeks of indescribable anguish. I have since endeavored to make up reparation for the misery I caused; but I am so sufficed. Moral atonements are the most cruel, because they are eternal. I have known and yet feel that bitterness of expiation. Say, my son, can you forgive my crime?'

"Could I forgive? I looked at the pallid face, anguished eyes. What were my sufferings of those two terrible

weeks compared to the secret pain and shame this man had borne for years?—this man; the victim of one solitary deviation from rectitude, so upright in all else, and whose life since had been one long atonement. I grasped his hand, tears filled my eyes.

"Father," I cried, "Alice's father and mine, all is forgiven, forgotten. Do I not owe all the happiness of my life to that same lost pocket-book?'"

The Working-Hours of Life. Suppose that a man throw away in every year fifty two days for Sundays, thirteen days for illness, vacations and interruptions; and suppose that forty-five consecutive years he works three hundred a year—a very large average—that would give a man, in the mature part of life, 13,500 days.

For some time past I had been vainly endeavoring to account for the extraordinary interest which my father-in-law had first taken in me, because I discovered, as I grew older and saw more of this selfish, egotistical world, that very few such generous actions were performed without motive, and lution of this, to me, difficult problem frequently occupied my thoughts.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Slumber-Land. (Mamma and Robby at bed-time.) BY MARGARET VANDERBILT. "Come!" she said; "it is sleepy time; I will sing you a sweet little rhyme—Something that you can understand—About what they do in Slumber-Land."

"No," he said, "I will not be good! I'm a robber—I live in a great big wood: It is made of cake-and-candy trees—You can go to Slumber-Land, if you please!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Town Everybody is lying down, And all the creatures, from man to fish, Have something better than they can wish!"

"Then they don't know how to wish," he said, "I think it is stupid to lie in bed! I am going to burn the world all down, And I don't want to go to your Slumber-Town."

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Street You often hear music low and sweet, And sometimes, there, you meet face to face People you'll meet in no other place!"

"Oh, that," he said, "will not make me go: I like a hand-organ best, you know, With a monkey; and I do not care To meet strange people anywhere!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-House The cat forgets how to catch the mouse; The naughty boys are never there, Stood in a corner or set on a chair!"

"Well, that is a little better," said he, "I'm a robber, at once, to sea; I'm a captain, I'm not a little boy, And this is my trumpet,—ship ahoy!"

"But listen!" she said; "in Slumber-Room Such beautiful flowers you see in bloom; The best of them all, the very best, You may pick if you choose—its name is 'rest.'"

"Why, that's a queer name for a flower," he said; "I'm a robber again,—a great big, brave, Splendid robber,—and this is my cave!"

How quiet the cave grew, presently; She smiled, and stooped low down to see, And what she saw was her little brigand Travelling far into Slumber-Land.

Two curtains white, with their fringes brown, Had shut him fast into Slumber-Town, And she knew that the restless little feet Were walking softly in Slumber-Street.

Crying for the Moon. Trot sat on the door-steps crying for the moon. It had just come up, round and full, and she was sure if Rob would only go out into the grove and climb one of the maples, he could get it for her.

"I couldn't get it, I tell you," said Rob. "I should fink you might just try," said Trot, the tears running down her cheeks.

"What would you do with it, if you had it?" "Why, I'd roll it, of course, and play wiv it."

white paper. Rice-paper wrappings necessarily increase the cost, and the boy who wishes to prove by the ordeal of smoke that he is not a boy but a man, much prefers the article that he can get the most of for his money.

Moreover, the boy does not know the difference apparent to the sight between rice-paper and ordinary paper, any more than he knows that, while rice-paper burns away with scarcely any smoke at all, common paper burns with a foul smoke that cuts like a saw into the chest and throat.

So he spends his pocket money on cheap cigarettes, and makes everybody around him uncomfortable, while he smokes himself away into an untimely grave.

Wide-Awake Boys. General Grant is reported as having told a story lately to illustrate how much circumstances had to do with making a man's fortune.

When a boy, he stated, his mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast, and sent him to borrow some from a neighbor.

Going into the house without knocking, young Grant overheard a letter read from the son of his neighbor, who was then at West Point, stating that he had failed in examination and was coming home.

He got the butter, took it home, and without waiting for breakfast ran down to the office of the Congressman from that District.

"Mr. Hamar," he said "will you appoint me to West Point?" "No,"—is there, and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fail, will you send me?" Mr. Hamar laughed. "If he don't go through no use for you to try, Uly."

"Promise you'll give me a chance, Mr. Hamar, anyhow." Mr. Hamar promised.

The next day the defeated lad came home, and the Congressman, laughing at Uly's sharpness, gave him the appointment.

"Now," said Grant, "it was my mother's being out of butter that made me General and President."

But he was mistaken. It was his own shrewdness to see the chance and promptness to seize it that urged him upward.

Another instance where the success was not so great occurs to us. A lad of sixteen, shop-boy in a Western town, had saved three hundred dollars in 1860. Going down street one day during the winter, when the Southern States were seceding one by one, he heard a passer-by remark, "North Carolina has gone out."

At the same moment his eyes fell on a barrel of turpentine, exposed for sale. "No North Carolina, no turpentine," thought he. He ran to the bank; drew out his precious three hundred dollars, and invested it all in turpentine. Before the year was out he realized enough to give him a good capital with which to embark in business. But how many boys in the place of these two would have moped sluggishly along, gaining nothing but the butter and the news!

and has no means of protecting himself, and his kicks and contortions render his rider ridiculous. I shall be the laughter of all Mexico. I wish a steed appropriate to my own stature. I require a steed with his natural weapon, a flowing tail, that he may defend himself against his enemies as his master has done. Harris, you must swap."

As the result of persistent expostulation, aided by a liberal arrangement of "boot," effected and guaranteed by Major Rector the General acquired the broom-tailed mare, and recovered his dignity and good humor.

When they came to part, Major Rector said he was sorry for him. He knew his worth and felt his misfortunes. He had got so low, said the Major, that he couldn't stay with the Indians. He was desperate and intemperate, and was going among Mexicans, so that would be the last he would ever see of poor Sam Houston.

He dismounted to take a last drink of whiskey together. "General," said Elias, "you liked that razor of mine when you shaved. You are going where it may not be convenient to buy one, and I can get another when I get back; suppose you take it along?" So he took the razor out of his saddlebags and presented it.

General Houston opened the razor, strapped it on his hand, looked at its edge, and as he shut it carefully up, and replacing it in the case, said: Major Rector, this is an inestimable testimonial of the friendship that has lasted many years and proved steady under the blasts of calumny and injustice. Good by, God bless you. When next you see this razor it shall be a shaving the President of a republic.

These last words Major Rector remembered distinctly. They were impressed upon his memory by the battle of San Jacinto, and the election of General Sam Houston to the executive chair.

Dinners and Punctuality. London Globe. A prominent American statesman was said to have taken a pride in always knocking at any door within which he had an engagement precisely with the first stroke of the clock or with the very tick of his watch. Perhaps if that wondrous wise statesman had taken the trouble to "tot up" all the odds and ends of time he must have wasted in securing this pettifogging precision, he would have found that whatever he might have done for other people's time, he had really been as wasteful of his own as the veriest sloven in this way may be supposed to be on the showing of very exemplary people—as wasteful, for instance, as Lord Palmerston, who was known to drop into a public dinner four hours after the appointed time.

When Bosville gave his fashionable dinners in Welbeck street the guests were always given to understand that time must be observed to the minute, and that if they were not there dinner must proceed without them. It was not often that folks came late, for most people can be punctual when they know it is expected of them. On one occasion, however, it happened to be the Astronomer Royal who came in half a minute or more behind the appointed dinner hour, and, as he no doubt expected, found the guests coming down the stair case to the dining-room. "I trust, Mr. Friend," said the host in greeting him, "that in future you will bear in mind we don't reckon time here by the meridian of Greenwich, but by the meridian of Welbeck street." That sort of thing may be very well when it is clearly understood that in auctioneer's phraseology it is to be dinner time "prompt," but it is not every host who can muster the hardihood for such rigidity, even though their guests may not be Astronomers Royal. Most people would agree with Dr. Johnson in his well-known dictum on the point. "Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?" asked Boswell, who himself was inclined to proceed without one laggard. "Why, yes," said Johnson, "if the one will suffer more by your sitting down than the six will by waiting!"

Forgetting Friendship. Golden Rule. There are men and women in public life whose pathway is marked by the "remains" of whilom friends whom they have squeezed dry and dropped, like so many sucked oranges. In politics it is said of such a man that he is kicked down the ladder, by which he climbed. In literary or other walks the human sponge often swells up with the thought that he has "outgrown" his humble friends of other days. In private life the self-conscious soul contents itself with becoming more and more the centre of its little circumference, taking none within its orbit who will not consent to revolve around it and emit light and warmth for its enjoyment. There have been many and noble definitions of what a friend is. People of real individuality, strength and sensitiveness doubtless have tender real friends that they are apt to think, unless they have been cherishing, unconsciously, low ideals. But whatever a friend may not be, certainly that sweet and noble term is unmerited by one who, however generous in other directions, is selfish as himself.

Old Timber. Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is that found in the ancient temples of Egypt in connection with the stonework which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding

the end of one stone to another at its upper surface. When two blocks were laid in place, an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, into which a tie shaped like an hour-glass was driven. It is therefore very difficult to force any stone from its position. The ties appear to have been of the tamarisk or shittim wood, of which the ark was constructed, a sacred tree in ancient Egypt and now very rarely found in the valley of the Nile. The dovetailed ties are just as sound now as on the day of their insertion. Although fuel is extremely scarce in this country, these bits of wood are not large enough to make it an object with the Arabs to heave off layer after layer to obtain them. Had they been of bronze half the old temples would have been destroyed years ago, so precious would they have been for various purposes.

The Massachusetts papers are discussing the question, "May cousins marry?" We should hope so. We don't see why a cousin hasn't as good a right to marry as a brother, or an uncle, or a son, or a sister.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage express and carriage hire, and stop at Grand Central Hotel, nearly opposite Grand Central Depot. 350 elegant rooms reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. Elevators. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse Cars, Stages and Railroad to all Depots.

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